

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.

SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

### NOW FOR OTIS.

Now that the President has succeeded in getting rid of Alger he may muster up courage to recall the general who has brought the splendid courage and devotion of our troops in the Philippines to nothing. If he doubts the necessity of that action let him institute an inquiry into the matters covered by the letter from an officer of high rank published in Tuesday's Journal.

This officer, who has held a very important position at Manila and has had every opportunity for studying the situation there at close range, declares that "General Otis has shown the most extraordinary and absolute incompetency, and Mr. Creelman is right in saying that we shall have nothing but failure until a competent general is put in command."

He asserts that General Otis has persistently refused to acquaint himself with the conditions in the islands; that he has learned nothing about the character of the people, and has discouraged any attempt to investigate these things on the part of his subordinates.

Is that true?

He says that a little quiet talk would have brought Aguinaldo over without a fight.

Is that true?

He says that the characteristic of Otis "was a craze for military glory, the sitting in an office doing nothing, knowing nothing and sending misleading, ignorant and false statements to the War Department at Washington—not one-half of which have been given to the public—and the wasting of his own time scrutinizing dispatches, and not permitting those which spoke only truth to be given to the people."

Is that true?

The President can easily find out. Let him inquire of General Anderson, General Whittier, Admiral Dewey, Captain Dyer, Captain Coghlan and other officers who may have a delicacy about volunteering criticisms, but who would speak if they were asked. And then let him send a general to Manila who will find out for himself what things look like at the front.

#### CRITICISM FROM THE PIE COUNTER.

The Chicago Times-Herald calls Mr. James Creelman "the most notoriously unreliable correspondent that ever won by insolent inaccuracy the right to see his name in print in yellow journals." It adds that "he possesses all the egotism and bravado of the late Sylvester Scovel, without that misguided youth's sterling qualities of personal courage and literary ability."

The Times-Herald displays such zeal in lying that it must have reached the point at which it requires another subsidy to prevent its political principles from mortifying.

We are willing to allow the Chicago Times-Herald to lie. An Administration organ has need to lie. A hired one has double need to lie, since it must earn its wage. But we are not willing to allow a graduated pie pedler to lie about a newspaper man. We are not willing to allow a person who exposes his opinions for a price on an editorial counter like so many fly-blown cookies, and who spent his time during the late war at home under the bed, to assail a gentleman who is distinguished for fearless truth-telling in his profession and for heroic action on the field of battle.

We saw Creelman head the troops up the hill at El Caney. We saw him haul down the Spanish flag from the stone fort at the top. We saw him fall, shot by a Spanish bullet, as he did it. We did not detect Mr. Koldfoot in the vicinity, either in his capacity as journalist (Heaven save the mark!) or pie pedler, and we imagine it would have taken more than an Administration subsidy to have got him there.

The Journal admires Mr. Creelman for his honesty and bravery. He sometimes tells the truth before the people are willing to hear it, and he never fails to tell the truth, nor to have his statements substantiated by subsequent events. He had the "personal courage" to tell the truth about Otis last March. Four months later eleven correspondents braced each other up sufficiently to do together what Mr. Creelman had done alone. We frankly admit that Creelman was braver than the Journal, for we did not venture to print at the time the dispatches that he signed and sent.

We have no objection to anything Mr. Kohisaat may say about the Journal. But to go about picking up individual working newspaper men, assailing Mr. Creelman, of the Journal, and Mr. McCutcheon, of the Chicago Record, and Mr. Little, of the Chicago Tribune, by name, with lying imputations, is not in accordance with the ethics of journalism, although it may be all right in the pie business. The Chicago baker as an instructor

in military science is merely amusing, but as a press censor he is offensive.

#### NO NONSENSE IN ALASKA.

Washington indicate that the deadlock is complete. It is said:

Apparently believing that the United States would rather give away territory than by right of purchase and constant occupation than to go to war about it, Canada and Great Britain in various ways have made demands for concessions which this country, meeting them at first with propositions absolutely fair and based upon equitable grounds, which were rebuffed and rejected, have now determined sharply to refuse.

Starting out with the basic proposition that the United States should give away a tidewater port and territory always held by it and occupied by its citizens, Great Britain and Canada have grown more and more insistent until the Washington Government has reached that point where to sustain its dignity as a nation and to protect its rights it must call the halt.

Not an inch of American territory will be abandoned. No concessions will be made which allow Canada and Great Britain any privileges within limits of American occupation and right.

If these things are true, Canada and England are apparently looking for trouble, and they can get all they want.

But before the matter reaches the stage of irrevocable action, it is the right of the American people to know all the facts, through the publication of the complete diplomatic correspondence since the beginning of the negotiations. Let us know exactly what England has demanded and what we have offered. The people have been so cheated with lies in regard to the situation in the Philippines that they are not taking anything more on faith.

If the diplomatic correspondence bears out the official version of it, the American people will be as vigorously united in repelling the preposterous pretensions of Canada as they were in protecting Venezuela. Then we were merely defending the rights of another country; now we are protecting our own. Canada may rest assured that she will not get a foot of ground that rightfully belongs to the United States, and if England is well advised she will not allow her rapacious colony to drag her into the dangerous enterprise of attempting to secure any.

It is extremely impolitic for Canada to attract undue attention to the international boundary. There is a growing impression that that line is a nuisance. If it did not exist, our diplomacy would be spared at least half of its troubles. It is bound to disappear sooner or later, and if the Canadians insist on making it unpleasantly conspicuous the disappearance is likely to be sooner. And England can engage in much more

profitable business than attempting to reverse the currents of destiny. Since it is inevitable that all America, North and South, will eventually form a part of the United States, why should Great Britain invite trouble in the foolish hope of adding a few square miles to her temporary holdings on this continent?

Meanwhile, the situation will be decidedly improved if the gushing people who wave British flags and sing "God Save the Queen" on every provocation will suspend their activity for a time. Our British friends, would never have dreamed of pushing their claims to an extremity if they had not been betrayed by the hands-across-the-sea demonstrations into the delusion that we were ready to give them anything they might feel like asking for.

#### THE DEFIANT POLYGAMISTS.

State Senator, is openly acknowledged by his parents. Mr. Cannon, who is on trial, makes no defence. He pleads guilty of plural marriage and evidently expects lenient treatment. This is evidence that Mormons no longer pretend to observe the anti-polygamy laws.

There is nothing to show that they ever had any intention of abandoning this tenet of their faith. They agreed to conform to United States law only when every other resource had failed and they could obtain Statehood in no other way. Even then there was nothing straightforward in their pledges. Joseph Smith's alleged revelation in favor of polygamy was an absolute command, sternly backed by threats of eternal damnation. The manifesto of Wilford Woodruff, in 1890, merely "advised" that the people refrain from plural marriages. The final revelation received was that the law commanding polygamy was to be suspended. Suspension is not abolition, but implies resumption at some future time. The church probably thinks the proper time has arrived.

Undoubtedly Brigham H. Roberts was elected to Congress to test the strength of the Mormon cause. He was chosen as a representative Mormon, as he is one of the head elders in the church, the author of several theological works, and the husband of five wives. He should on no account be allowed to take his seat. He is a criminal and would represent criminals and the principles of criminals.

The polygamist Mr. Cannon, too, should be adequately punished for his violation of United States laws. This is no time for trifling, for the moral standards of the country are at stake. This defiance of the Government must be promptly met and crushed.

#### A CHANCE FOR A VINDICATION.

thoroughly satisfied of his guilt.

No person ought to be better pleased at the turn the case has taken than Mollineux. He has all along proclaimed his innocence. His lawyers have clamored for an opportunity to let the public hear his defence. They protested against the action of the Coroner's jury. They have objected to the efforts of the District-Attorney's office to secure an indictment. The investigations of the Grand Jury were not to their liking. These vigilant and indefatigable attorneys took every legal advantage that gave promise of saving their client from a public trial.

But further technicality and subterfuge will not avail. Mollineux must face his accusers. If he is guilty no power can save him from conviction. If he is innocent he can confidently look forward to a triumphant acquittal.

#### A SLANDERER RECANTS.

Yesterday was a red letter day in New York journalism. The Evening Post retracted a slander.

It was an ungracious, half-hearted, malicious retraction, but it gave a measure of tardy justice after all, and so was remarkable.

The Evening Post some weeks ago started the atrocious lie that our soldiers in the Philippines were in the habit of murdering their prisoners in cold blood, under orders to give no quarter. When this slander was refuted by eye witnesses like Professor Worcester, it kept silent. Now it explains that, having started the story without investigation, it has been quietly investigating ever since to see whether there was any foundation for it. The correspondent to whom it intrusted the inquiry having reported that there was none, it now takes the falsehood back with this graceful apology:

If we placed too much faith in the veracity and importance of some of the letters at the time of their publication, and thereby did injustice to the humanity and character of our soldiers, we regret it sincerely, for we should much prefer to believe that an occasional American soldier is a liar than to believe that the American army is composed of barbarians.

Meanwhile the Post, which, ludicrous as the idea may appear, is regarded in Europe as an authority on American affairs, has succeeded in firmly implanting in the foreign mind the belief that American soldiers are savages. The myths circulated by this reckless libeller are accepted in many French and German publications as established facts, to be taken into account in estimating the American character.

The nation has no redress for the injury wrought by Godkin's lies, but the individuals slandered have. We should think that Major Bishop, whom the Post falsely accused of ordering four prisoners to be murdered, could recover about \$50,000 damages.

And Atkinson ought to get out another pamphlet.

#### Somewhat Sarcasm.

"An admiral is the man who stands on the bridge and says, 'Never give up the ship! isn't he?' asked the Impregnable girl.

"Sometimes he says that," answered Miss Cayenne, "and then again sometimes he merely says, 'Never give up the prize money!'"—Washington Star.

## LONDON'S COPY OF NEW YORK'S "BELLE" IN A PLAY CALLED "POT-POURRI."



LONDON, July 14.—"The Belle of New York" seems to have imbedded itself so thoroughly in London's constitution that it is perpetually breaking out—like a Spring rash—all over the English metropolis.

At the Avenue Theatre they are running what is called "a review of 1890," which is so obviously suggested by the Casino-Shakespeare Theatre affair that it is apparent to everybody. But in London they are very charitable. Like our own Weber & Fields they don't mind "advertising" anybody or anything as long as they can get a bit of fun out of it.

They name their review "Pot-Pourri"—an elastic title calculated to fit anything. And nothing is forgotten. Everything and everybody prominent are mentioned—rival managers, rival casts, "The Belle of New York" itself and all the conspicuous successes and failures. "Pot-Pourri," for this reason, is a success, and the Prince of Wales (noble, self-sacrificing, amiable Prince) went to see it Monday afternoon.

You see, people like to find themselves and their friends upon the stage. If I did a review and wanted to make money by it (and I possibly should) I'd have every name in the metropolis in it. The dreadful fear of "advertising" enemies would not deter me. It is the dreadful fear that robs us of many a laugh. I'd have all the Toms and the Dicks and the Harries in my libretto. It is a good scheme, and I offer it for all it is worth.

"Pot-Pourri," imitating "The Belle of New York," doesn't try to conceal that fact in the least. In fact, its leading character is called Edna, and its chorus girls, few in number, are said to be "all that remain of Edna's American associates—in fact, those that have not married peers." Music from "The Belle of New York" is interpolated "by kind permission of Messrs. Williamson & Musgrove," and the Casino idea of local scenes is carried out. You get "a popular London hotel" (I should say it would be most unpopular); Trafalgar Square, with the Nelson column, which comes to life; Saffron Hill, the Henley regatta, the Paris Grand Opera House and several other guide-book spots.

I might say that Hugh Morton and Gustave Kerker were responsible for "Pot-Pourri." As a matter of fact these gentlemen were imitated by James T. Tanner, Napoleon Lambelet, W. H. Risque (who is Risque in name only) and Frank Parker. In other words, it takes four Londoners to successfully imitate two New Yorkers.

The Avenue Theatre programme rather discounts everything by explanations. I hate things to be told me by a programme unless it be a synopsis of Harry B. Smith's comic operas, which I can never understand with or without explanation. The Avenue managers are determined that nothing shall escape you. They won't allow you to miss anything. Nothing would induce them to permit your attention to wander. Personally, I like to know that if I choose to be dense I can be dense without interference.

In "Pot-Pourri" you are told that Mr. Dagnal disguises himself as Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Lowenfeld; that Mr. Farren Soutar is seen as Hawtry, A. W. Pinner, Hayden Coffin, Sir Thomas Lipton and Beerholm Tree; that Miss Dainton disports herself as Marie Tempest, Mary Moore and Irene Vanbrugh, and that John Le Hay poses as Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex." Now, when you want to impersonate celebrities, it seems to be only common decency to presume that those celebrities are celebrated enough to do without labels. What's the use of being popular if you have to be ticketed off for the mob? It is quite enough for all purposes to mention the names of the people, in an easy way, as they appear upon the stage. But in "Pot-Pourri" you get all the impersonations in a list, and you can't possibly indulge in the luxury of a puzzle. They like their conundrums with answers appended in England. In New York an audience recognizes its pet types instantly. You don't have to tell a Broadway audience that the gentleman with the black beard is Croker, or that the lady with the lank arms is Sarah Bernhardt.

Still, making allowances for differences of climate, "Pot-Pourri" is a wonderfully pleasant and frivolous thing. It is quite as aimless as "The Belle of New York," quite as congested, and equally lacking in backbone. Morton and Kerker little knew what they were doing when they evolved this Casino act, over which we were none of us enthusiastic. They have stirred a crowd monarchy to its depths. The artistic colorlessness of Edna May has artistically colored this swollen metropolis.

You remember Jane May in New York? Well, she has a good deal to do with the gaiety of "Pot-Pourri." She gives an imitation of Sarah as Hamlet that is very conscientious. Like the original, she might be Sarah as La Tosca, or Cleopatra, or anything else. Miss May also imitates Yvette Guilbert, and makes herself otherwise useful. She is an indefatigable little person, with the distinct

bump of burlesque—a bump which is with you when you are born or else lacking forever. Farren Soutar, of this cast, is a son of Nellie Farren, who came to New York when her cleverness was a matter of reputation rather than of fact. Mr. Soutar is a hard working young person, who must have carefully studied the London stage, for he has the mannerisms of all its prominent actors down to a very fine point.

You are also familiar with Claire Romaine, poor Teddy Solomon's daughter, and consequently some indescribable relative of Lillian Russell. Miss Romaine was in New York with the George Edwardes show at the Knickerbocker—"In Town," I think—and in "Pot-Pourri" she imitates Maudie Millett in "The Tyranny of Tears," Miss Fortescue in "Lord Quex" and a few other types. Miss Romaine has the music hall manner rather badly, but in a burlesque you get used to it very quickly.

All the comedians try to imitate American funny men. It is a hard job for them, because in England a comedian is not brought up to the touch-and-go method. He likes to pour out his mirth by the quart. He talks by the half hour, and keeps it up even after he has coaxed forth the laughter. Several well-meaning young men give us in "Pot-Pourri" their own conception of American fun, and it is not precisely the American conception—it is a reflection of it that may become more distinct with time.

The interpolation of "The Belle of New York" music—even with the very kind permission of Williamson and Musgrove—seems rather unnecessary. But over here, the more you get of it the merrier. You get it everywhere. I haven't been to the opera at Covent Garden, but it is my firm opinion that Melba sings "Ye American Girl" and that Edna May's "Salvation Army" song is introduced into "Die Walkure." Mr. Kerker is such a long-felt want that he is fun in everything.

There are not very many good songs in "Pot-Pourri." The simple melodies which make American ditties popular both in New York and London are lacking. They trim up their melodies over here until it is difficult to get at them. One concoction called "Mary Was a Housemaid" promises to be popular, but I rather think that the audience when I was present, preferred "The Belle of New York."

Perhaps Mr. Lederer will be glad to know that his white and yellow Casino costumes have been carefully copied. If imitation really be flattery, this should assuredly rejoice his soul.

ALAN DALE.

## GOOD JOSEPH AND BAD CLARENCE. A MODERN FABLE OF INTEREST TO PARENTS.

ONCE upon a time there was a Married Couple possessed of two boys named Joseph and Clarence. Joseph was much the older. His Parents brought him up on a Plan of their Own. They would not allow him to play with other Boys for fear that he would sell himself and learn to be rude and boisterous.

So they kept him in the House and his Mother read to him about Little Rollo, who never lied or cheated and who grew up to be a Bank President. She seemed to think that a Bank President was above reproach.

Little Joseph was kept away from the Public Schools and had to play Games in the garret with two Spindly Little Girls. He learned Tatting and the Herring-Bone Stitch. When he was Ten Years of age he could play Chop-Sticks on the Piano, his Ears were Translucent and his Front Teeth showed like those of a Gray Squirrel.

The other Boys used to make Faces at him over the Back Fence and called him "Sis."

In Due Time he went to College, where he proved to be a Lobster. The Boys held him under the Pump the first Night. When he walked across the Campus they would whistle "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard." He began to drink



The Bad Clarence.

Manhattan Cocktails and he smoked Hemp Cigarettes until he was Doty. One Day he ran away with a Girl who waited on the Table at his Boarding House and his Parents Cast him Off. He now has charge of the Clunk Room at a Dairy Luncheon.

Seeing that the Home Training Experiment had been a Failure in the case of Joseph, the Parents decided to give Clarence a large Measure of Liberty, that he might become acquainted with the Snares and Temptations of the World while he was Young and thus be Prepared to side-step the Pitfalls when he was Older. They sent him to the Public Schools. They allowed him to roam at large with other Kids and stay out at Nights. They kept Liquor on the Sideboard.

Clarence stood in with the Toughest Gang in Town and thus became acquainted with the Snares and Temptations of the World. He learned to Chew Tobacco and Spit through his Teeth, shoot Craps and rush the Can.

When his Father suggested that he enter some Business House and become a Credit to the Family he growled like a Boston Terrier and told his Father to go Chase Himself.

At present he is working the Shells with a circus.

Moral—It all Depends.

—GEORGE ADE, in the Chicago Record.

## ART AT PHILADELPHIA'S BIG FAIR. IT WILL BE A FEATURE OF THE EXHIBITION.

PHILADELPHIA is to have from September 14 until November 30 a National Export Exhibition, wherein American manufactures are to make their wares irresistibly attractive. The national Congress, the State of Pennsylvania, the city of Philadelphia, individuals having at heart the advantage of the mass, are inspiring details of the exhibition ardently.

The grounds are on the west bank of the Schuylkill River, ten minutes by street cars from the City Hall. The buildings are five—three permanent, two temporary. In one are to be displayed agricultural implements and household furniture.

In another are to be locomotives and cars. In these two buildings visitors will find at once the works of Americans that are unexcelled in the opinion of the world. In the other buildings they will have the charm of making comparisons and of judging for themselves. The prospectus says: "While the exposition has in view a most practical purpose, there was not, in the planning of the buildings, any idea of subordinating the beautiful and the artistic to the practical end. On the contrary, the ornamentation and decoration of the structures will delight the eye and appeal to the innate love of art and beauty which every person possesses."

There are columns, friezes, panels and screens made of plaster and frieze masonry; there are painted entrances in the subtlest harmony of lines and colors, amazing sculpture. A large quadrangle, at the main entrance, represents "Progress" in a chariot drawn by four horses. There are graceful symbolical figures of the woolen industries, navigation, wine, electricity, transportation.

Among the features is a Chinese Village, a street of Pekin, with its shops, its temples and its homes, peopled by 450 men, women and children imported expressly. There is to be the music of ages, grave and gay, elevating and diverting.

